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CHAMBERLAIN.

CHAMBERLAIN

A LOVING RECORD

OF

How We Kept the Golden Wedding

AT HOME

Together with Some Family History

"Would you be young again?

So would not I;

One tear to memory given,

Onward I'll hie."

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WITH THE COMPLIMENTS OF

ROBERT CLARKE,

Cincinnati, O.

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ROBERT CLARKE.
RODERICK D. BARNEY.
JOHN W. DALE.
HOWARD EARNEY.
ALEXANDER HILL.

Cincinnati, May 6 1879

Wm B. Perkins Esq
Bosn.

Dear Sir: I do not notice in the
Genealogies in the Bulletin, a little one
of "Chambulau" re printed some time
ago. I thought I had sent you one, but
must be mistaken. So I send a copy
now by mail.

There are only 50 copies printed for
the family, none for sale. There are
two or three "over" of this is the last.

Yours Truly

Robt Clarke

DEDICATORY.

The long looked forward to golden wedding meeting has come and gone. The loved home where we gathered and talked over the incidents and reminiscences of childhood, has again taken on the quietness, the even routine of its usual life. Father and mother think much and speak of the good time they had when the children were here, and with a sigh of regret that the separation had to come, take up again the duties of life, while the children have returned to their homes to resume their daily avocations, and the day we waited for and so much enjoyed when it came, has now become a lovely spot in the past, where we remember to have stopped and refreshed our wearied souls with delicious draughts of pure love, as we came along the noonday path of life.

The day will be looked back upon by us as one of as perfect enjoyment as is ever afforded to men, but in the jostling cares of active life, we shall

recur to it less frequently than those we left at the old home, so much of whose life is in the past and so little of it this side of Heaven. To a loving father and mother, whose lives and affections have ever been given in fullest measure to their children—bound up in them—will the hours we spent together at home be most hallowed. As a love token to them, we have gathered what we could of the day into this little book; and now, with most earnest love and deepest gratitude, it is dedicated to

FATHER AND MOTHER,
BY
THEIR AFFECTIONATE CHILDREN.

THE GOLDEN WEDDING
OF
LEANDER AND SUSANNA CHAMBERLAIN,
CELEBRATED AT THEIR HOME IN SOLON, CUYAHOGA COUNTY,
OHIO, SEPTEMBER 6, 1877.

The wedding of which this was the fiftieth anniversary, occurred on the 12th of December, 1827, but owing to the distance some of the children would have to journey, at a season when the weather would in all probability be very inclement, it was deemed advisable to anticipate the day by a few months, and the 6th day of September was fixed upon as the one likely to be most suitable.

The day proved to be all that could be wished for, and an autumn sun in an almost cloudless sky lent its aid to make the festivities enjoyed to the fullest extent. There were present the father and mother—bride and groom of fifty years before—Corydon and his wife Mary, and their children, Alice, Price, and Susan; Ansel and his wife Mar-

tha, and of their children, Loua, Frank, and Le-roy ; Cassendana and her four children, Leander, Ida, Eddie, and Adeline ; Hiram and his wife Amelia, with their three children, Minnie, Susie, and Louise ; William, the only representative of his family, his wife Kate, and their two children, Harper and Frederick, being detained by the illness of Harper ; Maria and her husband, R. O. Hinsdale, with their two children, Louisa and Maud. In all, a happy company of parents, children, and grandchildren numbering twenty-seven. Besides these, there were present of the family of Jehiel Chamberlain—a brother of Leander—Harmon and his wife Susan, David and his wife Abigail, Corydon and his wife Harriet, Leander and his wife Marion ; and of the relatives of the bride, Ambrose S. Willey and his wife Emerett.

There were also present many friends of the family.

An occasion of so much thankfulness for spared lives, and bringing together after years of separation so many of the members of the family, could

not but be heartily enjoyed, and every moment filled full of pleasurable emotions. Besides games, music, and conversation, an hour was devoted to the carrying out of the following exercises :

1. Music.
 2. Prayer, by Rev. Mr. Hemry.
 3. Welcome, by Corydon L. Chamberlain.
 4. Music, "Welcome to all."
 5. Father and Mother, by Ansel L. Chamberlain.
 6. Music, "Home returning."
 7. The Old Home, by W. P. Chamberlain.
 8. Music, "We shall know."
 9. The Future, by S. Maria Hinsdale.
 10. Music, "Oh, think of a home over there."
 11. Family History, by Leander Chamberlain.
 12. Music, "Shall we meet."
 13. Outsiders, by R. O. Hinsdale.
 14. Music, "Sweet by and by."
 15. Farewell, by H. S. Chamberlain.
 16. Music, "Old Hundred."
- This was followed by the dinner most bounti-

fully served and thoroughly enjoyed. And then followed more games, laughter, music, farewells, and the day had sped away, it seemed, in an hour, and the golden wedding was an event of the past.

WELCOME.

BY CORYDON L. CHAMBERLAIN.

BROTHERS AND SISTERS :

It seems like a work of supererogation for me to say to you, "Welcome;" for after the hearty reception, the warm grasp of the hand, the frequent expressions of pleasure at seeing you, which you have already received, you can but feel more forcibly than I can express it, that you are welcome. But on this happy occasion, as you once more gather here from your various homes and callings, around a father's table, after many years of separation, it seems fit that on behalf of our father and mother I should give some expression of the pleasure they feel at seeing your familiar faces once more.

You do not, like the prodigal son, return to your father's house after having made a failure of life, but you come rather as victors from your battle with the world, and success is written in your

bearing. You went out from under this roof alone, and you return surrounded with smiling faces, reflecting your own image. The fatted calf has not been killed for you, yet I am sure the feast will be none the less bountiful because its life has been spared.

Then welcome to the old home and to the enjoyments of renewed intercourse, companionship, and hospitalities of loving parents. May nothing mar the pleasures of your meeting, but for this one brief day may we all be happy in living over again the never to be forgotten past, and although sorrow is mingled with the pleasant memories of other days, when we remember those who were with us when last we were together, but who are not with us to-day, except as we think of their happy faces and cheerful countenances, still let us make this a day ever to look back upon and think of with pleasure.

And, friends, a word of greeting to you. Welcome those who have been our companions through the joys and sorrows of many years, and to whom we are still united by strong ties of friendship and

love, which death alone can part. It is with genuine pleasure we see you here to-day.

And, dear father and mother, I have, for those who have come to enjoy this happy day with us, a word of greeting for you, for the hearts of all are filled to running over with the warmest affection for you; and may the consciousness of this love be some little reward for all the past years of watchfulness and prayer, during which we, your children, who have gathered about you to-day, were the objects of your constant and anxious care. For our good you did not hesitate to sacrifice not only comfort, but health—to pass not only anxious days, but sleepless nights. May the many kindnesses which each of us is able to bestow, and which we will not be slow in giving, express, better than I can say it, our gratitude. As you go down the decline of life, may your path be made bright with the love you gave us reflected back to you from each loving heart; and if, at last, as you pass through the mists which hang about the river of death, the warmth of our love shall fail to reach

you, may you be permitted after the crossing to see us all, with those who have gone before us, gathered around you in the land where the light is the light of love.

FATHER AND MOTHER.

BY ANSEL L. CHAMBERLAIN.

With smiling faces, and gladness and joy in our hearts, we come to greet you on this anniversary day in your history. Fifty years of married life, given to but few, have been yours, and we come to help you to celebrate the day, to mingle together our expressions of gratitude to the kind Master who has spared you and us, to meet once more at the old home. Life, so short to many, has been extended wonderfully to you, and it seems eminently proper, that after so many years through which you have journeyed together, through field and flood, in sunshine and shadow, in prosperity and adversity, you should gather your children under the old roof, and let the pleasant memories of the past come over us, as we go back together to those earlier days.

Fifty-five years ago, one summer afternoon, in Central New York, you, dear father, a youth then of

eighteen, saw your home leveled to the ground by a fearful tornado, your father buried in the ruins, and you yourself left alone, unaided, to fight life's battles. The victory has been yours, and you are entitled to the well-earned laurels. Two paths often unite, forming one, and two lives, which have been separate and distinct, may unite and thereafter move on, only as one. Fifty years ago such a union was made, and we celebrate the golden anniversary of the event to-day.

The years which have followed each other so swiftly, since then, have been to you, dear father and mother, years of planting and sowing, of labor and sacrifice. Not less true is the great law of gravitation, than the fact of our reaping, as we sow. The harvest will come in wheat or thorns, in grain or briers. For us were your labors abundant, your care untiring. Our well-being seemed the great object of your lives, and no sacrifice possible seemed too great, if by making it, we were benefited. Those years of planting were joyous ones, and as we go back to them to-day, who does not think of them as the happiest days of life.

When childhood's happy years were ours, how richly we all enjoyed them ; but the reaping time has come, the harvest is here, and from the south and the east and the west are gathered around you the sheaves that you planted. They have come to offer for your care and love, not gold or costly gifts, but something nobler far—we offer you the tribute of loving hearts. You have honored us with a noble name, and made it our ambition to honor you, and to wish for your present and future happiness.

But I must stop here a moment, for two sheaves are not with us to-day. In memory they are here, and their words are still fresh in our hearts, but their chairs are unfilled, and we miss them from our number. Hattie and Burritt are waiting for us beyond the river.

I may be permitted, without egotism, I trust, to point with pride to the harvest you gather, to the sheaves around you to-day, and offer you the congratulations of every one. As the shadows of life are falling around you slowly but surely, you will the more kindly be remembered by all of us

for your Christian teaching, for your kindness, for your sacrifices for us. With one accord we come to you to-day, and wish you again and again the richest blessings earth and heaven can give.

THE OLD HOME.

BY WILLIAM P. CHAMBERLAIN.

The old home, to me, may not be, and most likely is not, the old home of any of you. Each one of us has an old home of his own, differing from that of the others, as we looked at it. True, we all lived in it, surrounded by the same influences, but at ages and degrees of maturity which tempered and changed these influences, so that the impressions made were very different. I have no doubt but that I carry in my memory, to-day, many incidents occurring when the old home sheltered us all, which, while you knew of them then, made so little impression that they have long since been forgotten by you. Probably each one of you can say the same, and so in what I may say of the old home, I speak only of it as it was to me, and of the impressions left in my mind, impressions made when the material on which to make them was plastic, but which has refused to yield these memories to

oblivion, even after the hardening of years and the polishing process of experience. As time goes by they seem but the more distinct and ineffaceable. And what was the old home? I venture to say that there is not one of us here to-day, but can look back and locate many of the happiest hours of life within the limits of the time spent within its humble walls. And what was it? As I remember it, this—and the picture comes up to me now most vividly—a plain log structure. With our later ideas we can hardly dignify it by the name of house. In its planning and erection no thought seems to have been given as to its adornment or beautifying. The ends of the logs, at the corners, were not even cut off regularly, as in the case of more pretentious and opulent neighbors. What genius there was to be expended on the building, was applied evidently with a view, not of getting anything more than a comfortable dwelling, but to have that as conveniently arranged, and as well adapted to the uses of a family, including several hearty and rollicking children, and bright prospects of increase in number, as was possible. Within

the last year or two I have built a house of my own, and I know we studied over the arrangement of it for months before the first blow was struck in its erection, and from my experience thus gained, I can go back in fancy, and see father and mother, Corrydon, Ansel, Cassendana, Hiram, and little Harriet, poring over the subject of the interior arrangements of the new house, with deepest interest, suggesting this and that change, and finally adopting, as the result of their labors, a plan, which, when carried out, made one of the most convenient and best arranged houses, for the amount invested in it, I have ever seen. . When my infant eyes opened on it, or in it, a year or thereabouts after its completion, I am sure I must have noticed this. There was no unnecessary divisions of space into rooms, and but for the corner, which was partitioned off for a bed-room, for father and mother, all on the ground floor would have been one. There was no slamming of doors or annoyance at their being left open in that house, for, with the exception of one to the room mentioned, and two outside ones, there were no doors to slam, or be

left open. No, I have missed one, the chamber-door, which closed, two steps up from the floor, and thus left one stair convenient for a sofa, and it did not come amiss, for chairs had not multiplied with the same rapidity as had the demand for them, nor had those we had improved in strength, as had the occupants. Through this door and up the steep stairs, clambered, nightly, the brood, and there we experienced such slumbers as have not been excelled by any of us, in later years. And there we listened to and learned to love the sweet music of rain, on the roof:

“It was joy, to press the pillow of our humble chamber bed,
And listen to the patter of the soft rain overhead.”

Our enjoyment of it was sometimes dampened by a few drops, which would, in spite of precaution, and at the risk of spoiling the music, get *under* the roof. Whatever of pretty things may be said or sung, about rain *on* the roof, I must say that rain *under* the roof, when one is trying to sleep, has nothing musical or poetical about it. How short and out of proper proportion with the day the nights were then, and how soon after going to

bed seemed the morning call, of "Rally out there ; it's cow time." There were no morning naps for us after that, but every one was up, and the stir and life of the old home began. Some went for the cows, down in the "big pasture ;" some to the barn and the horses ; mother and the girls to the getting of the breakfast, and fixing for the milk ; every one some chores to do, and all cheerfully doing them. Perhaps not so cheerfully in all cases, either, but doing them with apparent cheerfulness, nevertheless, for we knew they had to be done, and that serious might be the consequences if each failed to do his part. An occasional physical enforcement of parental authority, kept us all reminded, that obedience to parents was a scriptural injunction, thoroughly believed in by one whose duty, and I sometimes thought pleasure, it was to see that it was observed.

The two outside doors were on opposite sides of the house, thus securing, when desired, the most perfect ventilation, and I have heard mother say, that when, in the heat of summer, both of these doors were left open, ours was the coolest house

she had ever lived in. One of these doors—the west one—faced the road, and was, properly speaking, the front door. It was unadorned with bell or knocker, and was not secured by bolt or lock. A home-made wood-latch held it in place, when closed, and this was all that was needed, for the valuables of the house, small enough to be carried away, consisted mainly of children, and they were not in much demand, for every family in the vicinity was well supplied, and beside, the modern tramp was not then known, and nobody dared to say he was out of work, for the sturdy and unfelled forest, encroaching so closely on all sides, was too suggestive of work they might do, if they were really anxious for it. There was no need for bell or knocker, for the neighbors who called brought with them knuckles hardened by toil, and were able, by their use, to make themselves heard without difficulty, by their raps on the plain wood door. The first rap usually brought the cheerful “Come in,” for the ladies of the house had not yet learned the art of being out when at home, and were always dressed for callers when callers came.

Along the road, before this door, few passers were seen, for the country was new, and but thinly settled, but when, perchance, one did appear, the sight was enough to bring to the front all who happened to be within, and if it should chance to be a stranger, food for speculation was furnished for the rest of the day. Who he most likely was, where bound, and his errand, were fruitful topics of conversation. Along the front of the house, on one side of the door, was a flower-bed, which contained principally a bunch of chamomile. The cultivation of flowers has never been a strong point in our family, but I remember this bed, because in it I was unsuccessful in hiding two stolen apples, and my failure resulted in the most heroic attempt mother ever made to whip me. As usual, her heart was too tender, or my clothes too thick, for much pain to be inflicted, and I satisfied her that the job was well done by my cries, and escaped unhurt.

Standing in the other, or east door, commonly known to us as the "back-door," the most prominent thing in view was the barn—the finest looking

building on the place—situated about one hundred yards from the house, on a little swell of ground, with a well worn foot-path leading to it. I believe this barn is still in existence, although its sills, sleepers, frame, weatherboards, floor, and shingles have, at different times, been replaced with new material, yet who shall say it is not the same old barn, as much as we are the same boys and girls who used to jump from the “big beam” down on the hay. We have been changed too, and are still the same. The view from this door was very limited, as the primitive old forest closed in very near, and all beyond its line was, to me, a mysterious and undiscovered country. In after years my explorations opened up to me the almost inaccessible cliffs (?) inclosing the “big brook,” and further down, just on the borders of the known world, was the “deer lick,” a most fruitful source of annoyance to father, for its capacity for holding in its miry clay the stock of the farm, when any made bold enough to attempt to cross it.

It was always the first spot searched, when, at milking-time, one of the drove failed to put in an

appearance. As time passed on, the line dividing forest and field was pressed eastward, under the strong blows of the axe, in the hands of father and the older boys, until it nearly reached the limit of the farm in that direction, when a halt was called, and truce maintained for many years. As the condition of the finances improved, a board "addition" was put to the east side of the house, covering this back door, and in it was now done the cooking, the milk was "set," cheese made, etc., and the main house was relieved of much which before had been crowded into it. It was in this new room that, one evening, while the milking was going on, and a few buckets had been brought in and put in pans on the floor, that that greatest terror of my life, the dog, *Buck*, took it into his head that he was called upon to watch that milk. It was one of his ways, but one never knew just when he was in that humor. In this instance, had he given me to understand in any way what his notions on the subject were, all might have been well, and this part of my story omitted, for I should not have questioned his ability and willing-

ness to carry out his idea, whatever I might have thought of his right to do so. As it was, however, I came in, wholly unsuspecting, and proceeded to dispose of my bucket of milk in the usual way, when I was suddenly and forcibly relieved of both my milk and my equilibrium, for the dog had asserted his rights and inserted his teeth, and was master of the situation. The scars from this vicious and savage attack I still carry with me—constant reminders of the “old home.” I do not remember ever to have had such a dread of any human or brute as I felt for that dog. I was his especial aversion, and while perfectly gentle with all the others, he seemed to feel that I was placed there for his particular benefit. I always believed that he had a natural longing for a bite at me, and he merely watched as an excuse for gratifying it. Why he was not killed, I do not know, but supposed then that he was a necessary adjunct of the family, and could not, under any circumstances, be spared, even if he did amuse himself by an occasional attack upon me. At that time, I have no doubt he was of more use than I was. He

came to a violent death, however, at last, for a neighbor, either through sympathy for me, which I doubt, or enmity toward the dog, as I believe, treated him to a dose of poison, and his burly form was found next morning, cold and still in death, in the dry bed of the brook below the old milking-yard. The freest breath I ever drew was when I saw him there, and knew that he was dead. I did not join heartily with the others in denouncing the coward (benefactor) who had done the deed. My enmity was short-lived, however, for the next dog we had I was allowed to buy, and I named him Buck, in memory of the departed. He reminded us of the dead hero only in name, for he was never known, as I remember, to bite anything, and could be depended upon to watch and care for faithfully only that which suited him to carry off and eat.

The most prominent among our neighbors was Joshua McClintock, whose very pretentious—because a frame—house stood very near the spot on which we are gathered to-day. He was a kind man, of easy-going disposition, superintendent

of the Sunday-school, and a good neighbor. Aunt Lucy, his wife, was not behind him in gentleness and goodness, and the two families were always on the best of terms, and ready at all times to "change works," whether in logging or assisting into the world the frequent additions to the families. Just across the road from them lived George McConough and his aged mother, whose house is pictured on my memory as a place few dared to enter, and whose apples, currants, and roses were considered the lawful plunder of any one bold enough to take them. Then, eastward from these, and "across the woods" from us, lived the Gilberts, the family consisting of Uncle Orson and wife, and their two boys, Harvey and Joe. In the other direction—that is to say northward—from us we first came to the Rodgers. We all remember the old gentleman by his stooped, rheumatic form, limping gait, and Irish brogue. How familiar came to be his regular evening and morning call to his cows, of "Hie away," "Hie away," as he slowly and painfully limped through the brush and blackberry bushes of the old back lot. Every neighborhood must

have its gossip, and I remember that it said that old Mrs. Rodgers and the boys, Aleck and John, were so penurious and anxious to save money, that the old gentleman had to drink the whey from the cheese, for they could not afford to lose the milk he would otherwise consume. I don't know how near to the truth gossip came, but they saved money, and ought to, for they worked hard, early and late for it. There was a large amount of good humor in the old man, and when, of an occasional evening, we could get him up to our house, and started on his and our favorite melody of the "Wedding of Ballyporeen," he seemed happy, and never failed to find an appreciative audience. Mother sometimes encouraged him by singing a few stanzas of "Perry's Victory," but generally he needed no second invitation to favor us with this ever-new and refreshing wedding. Beyond the Rodgers family came the Russells, Hoffman, Loomis, and then the old homestead, where lived Uncle Ralph, Andrew, Gershom, and Joseph, and still further down stood the house occupied at one time by a family of Pritchards, one of whom—

Dudley—became famous during the late war by being in command of the detachment which made a prisoner of Jeff. Davis, the President of the Southern Confederacy.

My memory holds traces of other neighbors, but they seem to have been transient ones, who occasionally passed across the pathway of my life, and left so little by which to remember them that they are little more than shadows. Of such I can recall two or three families of Marshals, a family of Fosters, and some others. All in all, we were surrounded by a very friendly and agreeable set of neighbors, who were always ready to lend a hand in raisings, quiltings, paring-bees, etc. In these respects I doubt if the neighborhood has improved since.

This is a hasty, rapid glance of the old home, into which came, with father and mother, Corydon, Ansel, Cassendana, Hiram, and Harriet, and afterward, at not very long intervals of time, and in this order, myself, Maria, and Burritt. As I remember it, we were happy and contented. I was, certainly, for I was too

young to have aspirations for anything different, and if any of the older ones had they kept them to themselves, and made the best of what privileges they enjoyed. While we lived in the old home our number was unbroken, and sickness rarely ever came to arouse our anxiety. There was no time to be sick, and when, as sometimes happened, father was taken with one of his attacks of bilious fever, the disease was soon frightened away by such an array of lobelia and other herbs as was sufficient to alarm the most dangerous and fatal malady. My impression is that the fever usually came to the conclusion that there was very little chance to get the better of a system that could stand safely such enormous doses of medicines as was left by the physician for father to take, and so commenced the attack already defeated. I think the greatest sorrow that came to us in the old house, was the news of the death of mother's mother. I remember how grief-stricken mother was, and how I went outside the door to cry, because she was crying. I had never seen the departed, and left to myself, my sorrow was of short

duration, or would have been, had I not gone in whenever it ebbed and received new inspiration from mother's grief. I do not know how long this would have lasted had mother had the time to give to it, but there was work to be done, and little time for sorrowing.

But the old home is gone, and the spot where it stood is covered with green, as if to tell the world how fresh and beautiful it is kept in our hearts. The old home is gone, but its effects are ever deepening and widening. The foundation of our character was laid there. Whatever we can lay claim to as a family of sober, industrious, God-fearing people, we can trace to the influences surrounding us in that hallowed place, and to the examples set us by our parents. To their patience, love, firmness, and self-sacrificing spirit do we owe for all that we have been able to become during the years since we left that roof, which so tenderly sheltered us. I thank God most fervently to-day that I was blessed with such a home; that around me were thrown such influences and such restraints, that I was under such well-di-

rected guidance, that when called upon to go alone, I was started in the right direction, and only had to go forward. I presume my experience but repeats the experience of all, and so I say that the effects of our old home-life is ever deepening and widening, for it affects not us alone now, but ours, as well as all with whom we are thrown. The old home is gone, but still it speaks to us, and its words are such that we can not, if we would, nor would we if we could, disregard them, for its language is full of the thoughts of sacrifice, of love, of toil, of earnest care, of unceasing watchfulness and faithful prayer. It speaks to us, and we hear its voice by every avenue of sense. It comes to us in the fragrance of the rose or violet ; in the deep-toned bell that calls to worship, or the melody of some old song ; in the touch of winter's frost ; in the tasting of some favorite fruit, and in the sight of the repetition of our pranks in the little ones around us. While time and sense shall last with us, so long will the sweet influences of the old home follow us, and become the more dear as we see the more clearly how pure and good that

influence has been. May the *old homes* we are now making for our little ones to look back upon be hallowed with like good influences, and may they, too, prove fountains from which, should they be spared, our children may through life draw inspirations rich with love, purity, and goodness.

THE FUTURE.

BY MARIA S. HINSDALE.

You have talked of the old home, with all its cherished surroundings; of the childish joys and sorrows that helped to fill our cups of early life; of the dear father and mother who now are with us, in all of their beautiful old age; you have taken up the history of the past as it were a whited canvas, and sketched the outlines of our past lives, and you have filled in the colors of the outline with scenes of merry-making and sad, bitter partings. We can all look upon that past whose successes we can be thankful for, and whose failings we can never retrieve. We can see the present and but be thankful that a kind Father has permitted so many of the links of our family chain to be united. We feel that the chain is not complete, for once and again has it been broken, and one by one have the links dropped out of the circle that once bound us all together, and to-day, while we gather in this

happy reunion, we would drop a tear for the dear absent ones, yet with the assurance that one day we can again clasp hands with them in that land that is beyond the "meeting and the parting." But after glancing at the past and the present, comes the great question, What of the future? Could we, like the prophets of old, look along the line of years that are to come, and read our destinies, there would be no need for speculation upon this point; but ours is no prophetic age, and no such visions of the coming years are given to us. Our future we can only read as it is revealed in the actual experiences of our daily life. Whether weal or woe lies before, we have no means of knowing, but experience teaches that we can not expect our path will always be through the light. If the lessons we have learned in the failures and defeats of the past will help us to better meet the trials of the future, then our life has not been in vain; and, when the cloud of trouble rises before us, even if we feel all its darkness, let us remember that the eternal light gilds all its edges, and know that the bright sun still shines beyond.

This may be our last meeting, for already has old "Father Time" placed his finger upon each head, and the silver hair appears at his touch. The sands of our life are falling fast, and every year will add its furrow to the brow; and if it should be ours to linger, as father and mother have been permitted to do, beyond the "three score years and ten," may our retrospect be, like theirs, full of good deeds, and may our children call us blessed, as we all call them to-day. When the last milestone on our journey is passed, and the angel calls us, may we, one and all, meet in a golden reunion around our Heavenly Father's throne, where the good-bye is never said.

FAMILY HISTORY.

BY LEANDER CHAMBERLAIN.

It is a natural feeling with all to want to know something of their ancestors, and this is a fitting time, when we are together, to give a brief history of the Chamberlain family.

My grandfather, Peleg Chamberlain, was born in Litchfield county, State of Connecticut, in May, 1736, and was married to Abigail Swift, of the same place. The fruit of this marriage was seven children, three boys and four girls, viz: Rocksilana, Jirah, Swift, Leander, Lorany, Hannah, and Abigail. The greater part of this family removed to Vermont, it then being a new country.

On my mother's side, my grandfather's name was Ebenezer Berry. He also was born in Litchfield county, Connecticut, in the year 1740, and was married to Ruth Peck, of the same place. They had thirteen children, viz: Rebecca, who married Noble Saxton; Mercy, who married Le-

ander Chamberlain; Jehiel, who married Susanna Swift; Hannah, who married Anson Swift; Ebenezer, who married Dennis Faller; Joseph, who married Elizabeth Peck; Hosea, who married Clarinda Slade; Betsey, who married Asa Hall; Rufus, who married Anna Elsworth, and on her death Mary Houdon; Ruth, who married David Keeler, and afterward Russell Rogers; Anna, who married Russell Willard; and Percinda, who married Ira Eaton. These all had families, and nearly all removed to Vermont.

My father, Leander Chamberlain, was born January 25, 1766, in Litchfield county, Connecticut. At the age of fifteen he enlisted for three years as a soldier in the Revolutionary war. He was married, at the age of twenty-two, to Mercy Berry, daughter of Ebenezer Berry, in 1788. After marriage they removed to Addison county, Vermont, then an unbroken wilderness, and engaged in farming. Ten children were born to them, two of whom died when quite young; the others lived their three score years and ten. The first, Jehiel, was born March 6, 1790, and married Luray Grin-

nell; the second, Harmon, was born January 13, 1792, and married Abigail Mumfort; the third, Abigail, was born January 24, 1794, and married Lucy Peck; the fourth, Marcia, was born May 31, 1796, and was married to Benjamin Berry; the fifth, Betsey, was born May 31, 1798, and was married to John Smith; the sixth, Cassendana, was born February 20, 1800, and was married to Samuel Culver; the seventh, Jirah, was born January, 1802, and died in 1808; the eighth, Leander, was born April 16, 1804, and married Susanna Willey; the ninth, Samantha, was born August 10, 1806; the tenth, Swift, was born in 1809, and died the same year.

Leander Chamberlain, my father, was a man of no ordinary ability, and filled a number of important offices both in Church and State, and was at his death a minister in the Congregational Church. I do not think that any of his children were his equal in intellect, but his mantle may fall on some in the next succeeding generation. He, by industry and economy, amassed a comfortable property, but it was all swept away, near the close of his life,

through the failure of the county sheriff, whose bondsman he was, and he was left almost penniless. At this time his daughter Marcia, who was married and living in Central New York, insisted on his coming to her home, and he accordingly gathered together what little he had left, and started with wagon, a distance of three hundred miles. The family still remaining with him consisted of my mother, sister Samantha, and myself. On the third day of our journey, my mother was taken violently ill, and died three days afterward. We buried her among strangers in a strange land, in the town of Sangersfield, New York, and with mournful and heavy hearts resumed our journey, and arrived at our destination without further serious misfortune. My father was called to preach in a neighboring town, and it was arranged that I should work on the farm with my sister's husband. Our plans, however, were soon to be rudely broken in upon; for we had been there but about three weeks, when, as my father was in his chamber with my two sisters, a most violent and destructive tornado passed over the country, and left him life-

less, my sisters seriously injured, and the house in ruins. Four short weeks saw both father and mother taken from us. His death occurred in his fifty-sixth year, and on June 16, 1822.

The following is a hasty glance at my own life :

I was born in Addison county, Vermont, April 16, 1804, and remained with my parents until I was seventeen years old, when their deaths took place, as already related. After my father's death I remained in Groton, New York, two years, when I returned to my native place, where I lived for one year, and then went to Constable, in Franklin county, New York, and bought a small farm, improved to the extent that it had a log house on it. Sister Cassendana kept house for me for the first year, when she married, and I was left alone. One year of this convinced me that it was "not good to be alone," and as a result of this feeling and some courting, Susanna Willey, daughter of Ansel Willey, became my wife. Of her ancestry but little has been preserved. Ansel Willey, her father, the son of Richardson Willey, was born in New Haven, Vermont, in 1765, and married Sarah

Drake, a daughter of Rodger Drake. The fruit of this marriage was ten children, four of whom died when quite young. Of the others, the eldest, Ambrose Rockwell, married Betsey Sanborn; Lemuel Richardson died at the age of thirty-five, unmarried; Sallie died at the age of fourteen; Susanna married Leander Chamberlain; Nancy married Hiram Sanborn; Ansel Fuller, the youngest, married Carlinda Webb.

We were married on the 12th day of December, 1827, and so we have had very nearly fifty years of wedded life.

My log house had stood empty and neglected during the year following my sister's marriage, but I swept and garnished it so that I thought it would do for the reception of the bride. The wedding took place in the evening, and the next day found us on our wedding tour, not to Niagara Falls or Europe, but in the direction of what was to be our home—the log house. At noon we had reached the home of my brother, who lived near our destination. After dinner I went down to warm the house and see that it was in proper condition, but

found on nearing it that I had been anticipated ; for the house was already occupied, as I saw by the faces at the window, by a number of unruly pigs, which, in rooting about the door, had forced it open, entered, and closed the door after them, or it had closed itself. They had evidently spent the night there, and it seemed to me that they might, considering that it was to be the home of my newly wedded wife, have taken more interest in keeping the house clean. As I found it after dispossessing them, it was anything but an inviting place. I went to work, however, and after doing all I could in the way of cleaning it out, went back to my brother's and returned with my wife, and the first work done by us in housekeeping was to give that log house a thorough cleansing from the filth left by its former occupants. And that was the commencement of our fifty years of married life. We lived in Constable some two years, and here our first child, 'Corydon Lemuel, was born, September 21, 1828. We then sold our place, and bought, in Malone, a town adjoining ; and while living here, two more children were born

to us—Ansel Leander, August 30, 1830, and Cassendana, November 4, 1832. After about four years we sold our property in Malone, and started for Ohio on the last day of the month of October, in company with Hiram Sanborn and his wife (who was a sister of my wife), and their two children. We had our united effects in two wagons, and made the journey in twenty-four days. We first stopped in Painesville, but finally located in Franklin, Portage county. While living in Franklin, two children—Hiram Sanborn, August 6, 1835, and Harriet Nancy, March 11, 1838—were born.

In the year 1840 we removed to Solon, Cuyahoga county, where we still live. After coming here were born the remainder of our children, viz: William Porter, December 2, 1840; Susan Maria, November 5, 1844, and Elihu Burritt, October 5, 1847—making in all, five boys and three girls.

The first death occurring to break our number was that of the youngest born, Elihu Burritt, at the home of Ansel, in Agency City, Iowa, December 2, 1867, at the age of twenty years. He was

followed by Harriet Nancy, who died here at home, November 27, 1870, at the age of thirty-two years.

The remaining six are still living, and although their homes and occupations are in distant and widely separated parts of the country, they have, with many of their children, to-day, this 6th of September, 1877, met with us here at the old home; and it fills our hearts with inexpressible pleasure and thankfulness for the many sacrifices and efforts they have made to once more meet with the old folks at home. We are very grateful for this, another evidence that in the cares and anxieties, the pleasures and joys, the labors and strivings of the busy world into which they have been thrown since leaving the shelter of our roof, they do not forget us nor suffer any abatement of their love. May the richest heavenly blessings go with them as they separate and go to their homes; and while it is not probable that we shall meet again on earth as we have to-day, there is a place where I trust we shall meet, and where our numbers, now broken, shall be made whole.

FROM AN OUTSIDER.

BY ROLDON O. HINSDALE.

"Growing old," is a trite saying—true as it is trite. All about us we see the inevitable edict "to dust shalt thou return." In the field and forest, look out and we see the moss-grown fence, the old stumps falling to pieces by their own weight; the tree that we planted, a little twig, now broad and itself grown old; the oaken monarch of the woods grown tall and strong in the suns of many summers, and storms of innumerable winters, grown old, falling, decaying, and returning to its original earth. The same stern fiat says, *we* grow old. We look but a short time back, when we, as romping, rollicking boys and girls, played among the little twigs of the trees, now grown to be giants of the forest. We, the younger ones, can remember those who were in the prime of life, glorying in the full strength of manhood, now grown old, bent, and decrepit, and many whose sands of life

have long since run. The old look back upon their associates, and alas, where are they? Grown old and passed away. How grand the sight of noble age! We venerate it. How mankind hold in admiration ancestral relics. We travel to Europe, and the Old World over, to behold and venerate the age of its antiquity, its castles, temples, and ruins. How we love these relics, if we can call them our own. The old jack-plane, which grandfather made and brought from Connecticut, has an especial value. While we prize old things, we can but venerate old age in man. The person bent with the burden of accumulated years, honorable with their many and varied cares, is an especial object of our veneration. How children love the old home, the old orchard. What man or woman who does not remember the apple tree which was the first to drop its eagerly sought fruit. How many of us have forgotten the old barn—perhaps now giving way to age, or entirely replaced by a more noble structure—whose hay-loft and stable we have again and again ransacked for hens' nests; and the old house, who can remember

it without starting a line of thought running back to our earliest recollections—thoughts filled with the tenderest love. How many joys and sorrows at once leap through our minds as we recall it. Cellar, garret, and all between—every spot—is as indelibly photographed upon our minds, and is seen as plainly to-day, as though we were now living over the scenes enacted there in our boyhood.

While all these things are especially sacred to the members of every family, those from without can but look in upon them all with the most tender regard.

True as all these things are, in general, they are none the less so on this occasion, and very applicable, as the children have all met at the “old home,” to see father and mother, both of whom have passed their “three score years and ten.” Once again, after years of separation—a separation which can never on earth be wholly united, as some who were here at your last meeting have gone to that “bourne from which no traveler returns,” yet who then seemed as likely to come again as any here—you now come, and you bring with you some

strangers, who were not with you at the last gathering. While there are many special ties binding those of you together who have been reared under the same roof, been cared for and sustained by the same fond mother, and listened to the many kind admonitions of the same loving father, there are ties that bind the rest of us to you, and to this circle, that are sincere, sacred, and everlasting. The children have gone out and found fields of action of their own, and now, returning, bring with them other loving hearts, who are glad to come and see father and mother.

While each of you come with some special regard, some individual remembrances, with separate feelings and personal emotions throbbing within, I also come with mine. Of that early life of yours, I know nothing; I leave that to you; but my personal feelings, I can not well express. A blighted waif, thrown out upon life's troubled sea, at last gathered within the eddying rest of your sheltering harbor, my thoughts and affections clung close to you. When the world seemed dark, when all my hopes, aspirations, and desires seemed cut

down, came the influence of these pleasant associations, bringing new life, new energy, and lifting me above much of the gloom and despondency which was gathering about me, saving me from despair. How, then, can I do otherwise than love and cherish you with kindest remembrances. Accept, then, my sincere thanks for the influences thrown around me from the old home we to-day come to remember. While those who have been reared and trained here, can do no otherwise than feel a repose, let me say that, since I came to know you as you are, I have ever felt to trust, confide in, and honor you ; I have ever felt as one among you.

And now let us, individually and together, ever cherish the old home, the good old father and mother, and each of us strive to make their few remaining years as sweet and joyous as possible. Let us imitate their many virtues ; let us so live, that when we come to life's sunset, should it be deferred until old age creeps upon us, the record of our lives may be as spotless and pure as theirs.

FAREWELL.

BY HIRAM S. CHAMBERLAIN.

We must separate. This memorable gathering nears the end. How shall I express your thoughts and mine as this beautiful anniversary, to which we have looked so long, draws to a close. How shall the farewell be said when the echo of our welcome—the happy hours have sped so rapidly—is almost heard in the distance. I am sure nothing I can say is half so eloquent, so full of meaning, so much a poem, as this listening group before me. We shall not forget this meeting. It has been too full for that. The hand-shaking, the looking in each others' faces, the glorious jubilee of friendship and love and song! You will carry the memory of it always. The light in father's and mother's eyes, as the children and grandchildren came trooping in, was more beautiful than I can express. Surely the fifty vanished years must have been illuminated for them, and all their shifting scenes went by in pano-

rama. But the separation ! I know it must come. As on leaving Chattanooga we rounded Lookout, and saw her blue summit, bathed in sunlight, fade in the distance, I knew, this visit ended, we must return again and live as before in the shadow of her beautiful presence. It has been a great joy to us all, this home-gathering, and the thought occurs to me, why not remain. Why perform this unpleasant farewell duty. Yet, when I come to count heads, I see this is impossible, and it sets me thinking—thinking where we have all been ; what we have been doing ; whether it is not all a dream ; whether I really am on the shady side of forty ; where these children came from, and whose they are ; thinking how these wrinkles and gray hairs came to the boys and girls ; and the uncertain step, the shortened sight, and duller ear to father and mother. Then it all comes back to me that this is the golden wedding-day, and we boys and girls are almost old men and women ; that these children are ours, and these wrinkles and gray hairs but kindly hints from Father Time, who never fails to tally when he has counted one. And

so, father and mother, brothers and sisters, standing on this new yet older ground, this pinnacle of years, I greet you. Fifty years! Not long, yet how much of labor and sorrow, of joy and sunshine, mingles with the surf as the tide of time drifts outward to the other shore. And what changes, too! I recall very many friends and neighbors whose lives were intimately and essentially, owing to the surroundings, a part of your own, but now only memories—Archibald Robbins, Hillman, Dunwell, Derr, Russell, Bentley, Rodgers, Richmond, Marshall, Seward, Hickox, and scores of others. And again of the incidents of home life. The bringing home of the first stove and first clock—I remember it well; the careful husbanding of sixpences for the circus at Chagrin Falls; the births of children; the leaving home for school; the building of the new house: the war, and all its anxieties; the marriages of children; Burritt's and Hattie's death; the wide separation of the family—all crowd in my memory; yet, whether with a white stone or one of more sombre hue, we have marked these stations on the

highway, each has had its lesson, and helped give shade and color to this mosaic of individual and family experience. While this fifty years of married life has left its heritage of wrinkles and gray hairs, and no doubt scattered many crosses heavy to be borne, it has also not been chary of good gifts and comforting benefactions. These children, with love never grown cold since they could first articulate your names, and these grandchildren, are your heritage. This pleasant home, these comforts and accompaniments of a generous competence, and this long and beautiful life, is an earnest that the fates have dealt kindly with you to the last. To few of us, no doubt, children gathered here to celebrate this joyful anniversary, will it be vouchsafed for himself to meet the same good fortune, yet with ever-deepening interest will we watch each other as the swift footsteps of the years go by, and take what heaven bestows with thankfulness. It has always seemed to me that your greatest trial must have been when the children went out from the home roof to do and act for themselves. But yet it has been wisely ordered

that the separation of families, the boys and girls leaving home to seek their fortunes, is what builds up new communities, extends the bounds of civilization, and carries into new fields the culture, the arts, the customs, and morals of the old home. This takes nothing that exhausts, like parasitic growth, the parent stem, but as the mother vine gives seed in the ripened fruit for new vineyards, so the old home, yielding its fruit of muscle and mind, cultivated taste, and established character, plants new civic and social vineyards, whose fruit shall be gathered in the coming time.

From our several homes we come to bid you good cheer at this golden anniversary, and ask what o'clock of each other, as the pendulum swings slower in our several lives. Remembering your wise counsels and loving words, we come, bringing some gray hairs, it is true, some hard experiences, some remembrances of sad hours, yet with all the story of happy lives, loyal to home, loyal to each other, and loyal to the golden lessons of youth, and we ask your benediction. It would be strange, indeed, should we all meet again at the same time

and place, although each may see the other often ; so as a family we must say farewell—Corydon to his farm, Ansel to his merchandise, Cassendana and Maria to their family duties, and William to his place behind the desk, while father and mother keep the taper burning in the old home, looking out from the western horizon, where life's sunset yet lingers, happily, watching for the occasional greeting of one of the boys or girls, returned for an hour to cheer and be cheered on the perilous voyage to the hereafter. For parting words, I can only say, as we brought you orange blossoms, golden gifts of love and gratitude, crowning this fifty years of wedded life with such rich offerings as overflowing hearts of thankful children may bestow, so we leave you, stronger in affection for each other, and bearing braver hearts for all that may betide.

ADDITIONAL FAMILY RECORD.

GIVING HISTORY OF THE CHILDREN OF LEANDER AND SUSANNA CHAMBERLAIN.

CORYDON LEMUEL—

Was born in Constable, Franklin county, New York, September 21, 1828; married March 22, 1849, to Elizabeth Bissell, born in Aurora, Ohio, October 22, 1830, and died in Solon, Ohio, February 8, 1853; married, February 16, 1858, in Knoxville, Knox county, Illinois, to Mary A. Jennings, who was born in Franklin, Portage county, Ohio, January 29, 1832.

By these marriages were born:

Alice Lucetta, in Solon, Ohio, October 12, 1850.

Albert Willey, in Solon, Ohio, January 30, 1853.

Price Jennings, in Solon, Ohio, October 16, 1866.

Susan Mary, in Solon, Ohio, February 22, 1875.

Of these children, Albert Willey died July 21, 1873.

All of the mature years of his life were given to active work; the earlier ones in learning and following the trade of carpenter and joiner; the later ones, on the old home farm, in the cultivation of the soil. With the exception of a few years passed in Iowa, his life has been spent where he now lives, in Solon, Cuyahoga county, Ohio.

ANSEL LEANDER—

Was born in Malone, Franklin county, New York, August 30, 1830, and remained with his parents until the year 1854, receiving, during the time, a good common-school education, when he left for the then far-distant West, and located finally in Agency City, Iowa, where he now resides. When the War of the Rebellion broke out, he enlisted as a private in the 22d Iowa Volunteers, Company "E," and served three years, and was actively engaged in the battles of Port Gibson, Raymond, Jackson, Black River Bridge, and the

charge on Vicksburg, which occurred on the 22d of May, 1863, where he received five serious, and at the time supposed to be mortal, wounds; three in his lower limbs, and two in his body. He was discharged in April, 1865, and at once resumed his merchandising, in Agency City; an occupation he has successfully followed to the present time.

He was married January 1, 1856, at Mt. Pleasant, Iowa, to Martha L. Lines, who was born in Dutchess county, New York, August 16, 1832.

Their children were born as follows:

Cora, October 7, 1856.

Effa, March 12, 1860.

Loua, December 22, 1861.

Ella, February 9, 1865.

Frank L., October 20, 1866.

Roy Lee, January 16, 1871.

The eldest, Cora, died July 6, 1873.

CASSENDANA—

Was born in Malone, Franklin county, New York, November 4, 1832, and followed the fortunes and companionship of the family during their wanderings, which finally ended in Solon, Ohio. Receiving all that could then be afforded, a common-school education, she rendered valuable assistance toward the support of the family, and the gratification of her own tastes and desires, by teaching in the neighboring schools for several terms.

She was married, November 20, 1853, to Oliver Wells, a son of one of the very first settlers of the township of Solon.

By this marriage was born to them six children :

Frank O., born September 25, 1854.

Willey Warner, born September 1, 1856.

Leander C., born September 22, 1858.

Ida Maria, born January 14, 1862.

Eddie Oliver, born April 19, 1864.

Adaline, born January 18, 1867.

Wiley Warner died September 10, 1861.

Frank O., died November 16, 1861.

The husband, Oliver, died June 13, 1874, at the age of 54 years, 5 months, and 13 days.

Her home since her marriage has been, and still is, in the extreme southwest corner of the township of Solon, Cuyahoga county, Ohio.

HIRAM SANBORN—

Was born in Franklin, Portage county, Ohio, August 6, 1835, and was educated at the Eclectic Institute of Hiram, Ohio. With the exception of a year spent in the West, and his early childhood, and later school days, his life was spent on the farm, and in teaching school in Solon, Ohio. At the breaking out of the War of the Rebellion, he enlisted as a private soldier, in the Second Regiment Ohio Cavalry, July, 1861. The regiment was equipped at Camp Wade, Cleveland, Ohio, and remained here and at Camp Dennison, near Cincinnati, Ohio, until the following December, when it was ordered to Fort Scott, Kansas, and

was in active service during the greater part of 1862, in Southwestern Missouri and Indian Territory.

In August 1861, he was appointed Quartermaster-Sergeant, and was commissioned Second Lieutenant by Governor Tod, October 22, 1862, and was actively engaged in the battle of Newtonia and many smaller engagements during the campaign.

In 1863, he was with his regiment under command of General A. E. Burnside, when that general, with his army, crossed from Kentucky over the Cumberland Mountains into Tennessee, and on the 4th of September, captured the city of Knoxville. On the 26th of February, 1863, he was made First Lieutenant and Regimental Quartermaster, and when the regiment moved southward, was detailed as Brigade Quartermaster, under General A. V. Kautz, and afterward, while crossing the mountains into Tennessee, was detailed as Quartermaster of the Division under the command of General S. P. Carter, and, on entering Knoxville, as Post Quartermaster, and placed

in charge of all business in that department at that point. On the 24th of May, 1864, he was commissioned Captain and Assistant Quartermaster by President Lincoln, and, in this capacity, served until the close of the war, when he was mustered out of service November 8, 1865.

During the last two years of the war he was, with the exception of a short campaign into Virginia, stationed at Knoxville, Tennessee, and was in charge of the Quartermaster Depot and stores there during the memorable siege of that city by General Longstreet. On leaving the service, he at once engaged in the iron business, and has held responsible positions ever since, and is at present vice-president and manager of the Roane Iron Company, located at Chattanooga and Rockwood, Tennessee.

He was married September 4, 1867, to Amelia I. Morrow, daughter of the late Samuel Morrow, who was born at Knoxville, Tennessee, December 3, 1841.

They have had four children :

Minnie Morrow, born at Knoxville, Tennessee, January 28, 1869.

Mary Hattie, born at Knoxville, Tennessee, July 9, 1871, and died at the same place, November 9, 1873.

Susie Willey, born at Chattanooga, Tennessee, June 4, 1874.

Louise Armstrong, born at Chattanooga, Tennessee, May 23, 1877.

Since their marriage, they resided in Knoxville until 1871, when they removed to Chattanooga, their present home.

HARRIET NANCY—

Was born in Franklin, Portage county, Ohio, March 11, 1838. The greater part of her life was passed with her parents, brothers, and sisters at the home in Solon, Ohio, and, by her uniformly happy disposition and loving ways, did very much to make the home circle a happy and pleasant one. Her part of the labor of the household was always cheerfully done, and she could often find time,

after her own work was finished, to assist the others, and thus render theirs the lighter. After receiving as good an education as could be obtained outside of the institutes and colleges of the country, she engaged herself for several sessions in the discharge of the duties of teacher in the public schools, and always to the best of satisfaction to patrons and advantage to pupils.

She was married September 1, 1863, to Joseph P. Russell, a practicing physician of Solon, and the two lived most happily together until April 9, 1868, when the husband died of consumption, and she soon followed him, November 27, 1870, having contracted the disease from him by her constant and unremitting attention to his wants.

WILLIAM PORTER—

Was born December 2, 1840, in Solon, Ohio, being the first birth in the family after its removal to that place. His youth and boyhood were spent on the farm, and in acquiring such an education as could be gathered from the public and select

schools of the place. This education was supplemented by a winter spent in teaching a district school, and the attending of a three months' term at the Eclectic Institute of Hiram, Ohio.

Further advancement in education was stopped by the breaking out of the war between the North and South, in the spring of 1861. He enlisted as a private, April 21, under the first call of President Lincoln, for 75,000 troops, and joined the Zouave Light Guards, Company "B," of Cleveland, Ohio, and went into camp at Camp Taylor, Cleveland, Ohio. The call of the President was so speedily filled, that this company was not accepted, but remained in camp until the call for three years' troops was made, when the whole company responded, May 18, and was soon after ordered to Camp Chase, Columbus, Ohio, where it was made Company "A," of the 23rd Ohio Volunteer Infantry, under Colonel W. S. Rosecrans, who was succeeded by Colonel E. P. Scammon, and he by Colonel R. B. Hayes, now President of the United States.

While on the way, with the regiment, from Camp

Chase to the field in West Virginia, he was made Orderly Sergeant of his company, and was commissioned Second Lieutenant by Governor Tod, December 21, 1862, and First Lieutenant by the same power, August 8, 1863, and was discharged, by reason of expiration of term of enlistment, July 6, 1864, at Columbus, Ohio. He was with the regiment in active service during this three years, the greater part of the time being spent in West Virginia. Besides being in many skirmishes and smaller engagements, he participated in the battles of South Mountain and Antietam, Maryland, and Cloyd Mountain, Virginia. After leaving the army, he went to Knoxville, Tennessee, and entered the drug business, which occupation he has successfully followed until the present time.

He was married May 24, 1869, to Mary E. Morrow, of Knoxville, Tennessee, who died March 18, 1870.

On January 15, 1873, he married Katherine Ellen Harper, of Hamilton, Ohio, who was born in Hamilton, Ohio, October 11, 1842—second daughter of Robert and Mary Harper.

By this marriage two children have been born,
viz :

Harper Leander, born October 23, 1873.

Frederick William, born February 21, 1876.

SUSAN MARIA—

Was born November 5, 1844, in Solon, Ohio, and was married June 15, 1869, to Roldon O. Hinsdale, of Wadsworth, Ohio, who was her senior by four years, having been born in Wadsworth, Ohio, March 27, 1840.

They have had born to them two children :

Louisa Adel, born November 20, 1870.

Hattie Maud, born August 20, 1874.

Her early life, before marriage, was almost entirely spent at the old home in Solon, during which time she was able to acquire something better than an ordinary education, for she was allowed the advantages of attending for some months the Eclectic Institute of Hiram, Ohio. Her education was made good use of in the teaching of the district schools of the vicinity, in which occupa-

tion she won for herself more than an ordinary reputation. Since her marriage, her life, though filled with the cares, responsibilities, and labors incident to a farmer's home, has been happily and peacefully spent, in Wadsworth, Medina county, Ohio.

ELIHU BURRITT—

The youngest of the family, was born in Solon, Ohio, October 5, 1847, and died December 2, 1867.

As is usual with the last-born of every family, he was the pet and idol of all the brothers and sisters. This was not entirely due to his being the youngest, but very greatly to his uniform good nature and happy and buoyant spirits. Always kind and gentle in his disposition, he made friends with all, and was a favorite with schoolmates and companions. His life was passed on the farm at home and at school, and was a source of great joy and comfort to his parents, who felt that without him they were alone in the world, the older broth-

ers and sisters having become scattered in various parts of the land.

At the age of twenty, with a desire to break through the narrow circle of experience and observation which had surrounded him, he accompanied an older brother (Ansel), on his return from a visit in Ohio, to his home in Agency City, Iowa, and, while there, was attacked with typhoid fever in its most malignant form, and, although of splendid physique and unbroken by any previous sickness, he was compelled to yield to the disease, and passed away, as stated, December 2, 1867.

This family history is necessarily brief, and omits many incidents of interest, and perhaps some of importance, in the lives of all of whom it speaks; but the distances which separate the different members of the family, and the difficulty experienced in getting together even the facts given, must be the excuse for any such omissions. It is

believed that what little history has been given will be of interest to us as members of the family, but of still more worth to those who shall come after us, and who will read it when we are gone.

SEPTEMBER 6, 1877.

BIRTHS.

NAME.	PLACE.	DATE.

DEATHS.

NAME.	PLACE.	DATE.

MARRIAGES.

MARRIAGES.

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